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Four new Songs, and a Prophecy.

I. *A SONG for Joy of our ancient Race
of STEWARTS.*

II. *The Battle of Preston, that was fought
by his Royal Highness Prince CHARLES,
the 21st of September 1745.*

III. *On an honourable Atchievement of Sir
William Wallace, near Falkirk.*

IV. *A Song, call'd, The Rebellious Crew.*

V. *A Prophecy by Mr. Beakenhead.*

I. *A SONG for Joy of our ancient Race
of STEWARTS.*

COME, all brave *Scotsmen*, and rejoice
With a loud Acclamation;
Since CHARLES is come over the Main
Into our *Scottish* Nation.

II.

Let Hills, and Dales, and Mountains great,
And every Wood and Spring,
Extend your Voices to the Clouds
For Joy of STEWART our King.

III.

Ye Nightingales and Lav'rocks too,
And every Bird that sing,
Make haste and leave your doleful Notes,
And Royal STEWART sing.

IV.

All Beasts that go upon all Four,
Go leap and dance around;
Because that the curst Union's broke,
And fallen to the Ground.

▲

Come

V.

Come, every Man and Woman too,
And Children that are young,
Make joyful Noises and Huzza's,
Because the PRINCE is come.

VI.

Our ancient Liberties he did,
At our chief Cross, proclaim;
And ev'ry one that did attend,
Cry'd, *Glordie*, haste go Name

VII.

Unto your own Dominions,
Which would have been full cold,
Had ye not carried unto them
Our Silver and our Gold.

VIII.

But if that we in Justice deal,
As ye did with our *Stair*,
Ye should be caused bring it back,
And with it meikle mair.

IX.

What need I speak of good Lord *Stair*,
When I think on *Argyle*;
Who caus'd you burn your Hat and Wig,
And made you ramp a while.

X.

You did with Taxes us oppress,
Upon our Meal and Malt;
On Candle and on Leather too,
And thought it not a Fault.

XI.

But your Oppressions we will mind,
Until the Day we die;
But, GOD be thank'd, from them all,
By CHARLES we are made free.

XII.

If good Lord *Stairs* at *Dettingen*,
Had Service to you done,
He should have laid you fast asleep,
Whether in Boots or Shoon.

XIII.

Come here, all *Scottish* Lads, and sing;
O come, and sing with me, Man,
Since CHARLES is come over the Main,
Our Country for to free, Man.



From Tax and great Oppression,
And from an Union too, Man;
Whereby our Land is quite undone,
Our Gold and Silver too, Man.

*II. The Battle of Preston, which was fought
by his Royal Highness Prince CHARLES,
the 21st of September 1745.*

YOU Loyal Subjects all rejoice,
And fill up flowing Glasses;
And drink a Health to the *Highland Clans*,
Whose Valour none surpasses.
On *Preston* Plain, they behav'd like Men,
With Conduct and with Honour;
With Sword in Hand they did go on,
Made cowardly *Cope's* Army knock under.
His Royal Highness, Prince CHARLES, ne'er did daunt,
Behav'd with Conduct and with Honour;
In Height of the Brunt, he rode in Front,
Crying, *Highland Lads*, rare Diversion.
Our *Highlanders* show'd gallant Play,
While cowardly *Cope's* Guns did rattle;
Like Lions bold, those Hearts of Gold,
Went on the Front of the Battle.
Ye Loyal Boys, Prince CHARLES did say,
Whose Courage were ne'er daunted;
Brave Colonel *Gardner* he was lost,
By great and small lamented.
Ye *Highland* Boys, fear ye no Noise,
For ye have still the Advantage;
For tho' cowardly *Cope* fled to the Sea,
He shall ne'er be more advanced.
Let these noble Souls fill up their Bowls,
And drink to *Scotland's* Glory;
For with Sword in Hand we will go on,
Till we complete the Story.
The Duke of *Perth*, that noble Peer
Of Renown, Birth, and Honour;
To shew his Valour forth did go,
To fight under Prince CHARLES's Banner:

Like

Like a Lion bold, his Foes to controul,
 He rode on the Front of the Battle;
 And there did behave most gallant and brave;
 While cowardly Cope's great Guns did rattle.
GOD save Prince CHARLES, both Church and State,
 And keep them from all Evil;
 For all his Foes he did put down,
 In spite of Cope or Devil,
 Our Heros gear, did them defeat,
 And make them to surrender;
 To conquer England, let us advance,
 For we'll stand by the true Faith's Defender.
 And then the Castle it began
 Their great Guns for to rattle;
 And for to burn brave *Edinburgh* Town,
 Which was reckon'd cowardly Battle:
 And for to burn and beat it down,
 Which made Lairds and Tenants clatter;
 I'm sure they'll ne'er build it up again,
 Tho' they should both lie and flatter.
GOD save the King, and Church and State,
 And send them Peace and Pleasure,
 And that poor innocent Blood may be
 Hereafter shed at Leisure.

III. *On an honourable Atchievement of Sir William Wallace, near Falkirk.*

HAD we a King, said *Wallace* then,
 That our kind *Scots* might live by their own;
 But berwixt me and the *English* Blood,
 I think there is an ill Seed sown.
Wallace him over a River lap,
 He look'd low down to a Lin;
 He was not war of a gay Lady,
 Was even at the Well washing.
 Well mot ye fare, fair Madam, he said,
 And ay well mot ye fare and see;
 Have ye any Tidings me to tell,
 I pray you'll show them unto me.
 I have no Tidings you to tell,
 Nor yet no Tidings you to ken;
 But into that Hostler's House
 There's fifteen of your *Englishmen*.

And they are seeking *Wallace* then,
 For they've ordain'd him to be slain;
 O GOD forbid! said *Wallace* then,
 For he's ov'r good a kind *Scotsman*.
 But had I Money me upon,
 And ev'n this Day as I have none;
 Then would I to that *Hostler's House*,
 And ev'n as fast as I could gang;
 She put her Hand in her Pocket,
 She told him twenty Shillings o'er her Knee;
 Then he took off both Hat and Hood,
 And thank'd the Lady most reverently.
 If e'er I come this Way again,
 Well paid Money it shall be;
 Then he took off both Hat and Hood,
 And he thank'd the Lady most reverently.
 He lean'd him two fold o'er a Staff,
 So did he three fold o'er a Tree;
 And he's away to the *Hostler's House*,
 Even as fast as he might dree.
 When he came to the *Hostler's House*,
 He said Good-ben, quoth he, be here.
 An *Englisch* Captain, being deep load,
 He asked him right cankerdly,
 Where was you born thou crooked Carle,
 And in what Place, and what Country?
 'Tis I was born in fair *Scotland*,
 A crooked Carle although I be.
 The *Englisch* Captain swore by th' Rood,
 We are *Scotsmen* as well as thee,
 And we are seeking *Wallace*, then
 To have him merry should we be.
 The Man said, *Wallace* ye're looking for,
 I see'd him within these Days three,
 And he has slain an *Englisch* Captain,
 And ay the fear'der the rest may be.
 'T'd give Twenty Shillings, said the Captain,
 To such a crooked Carle as thee,
 If you would take me to the Place
 Where that I might proud *Wallace* see.
 Hold out your Hand, said *Wallace* then,
 And show your Money and be free,
 For tho' you'd bid an Hundred Pound
 I never bade a better Bode.

He struck the Captain o'er the Chafis,
 Till that he never chewed more.
 He stick'd the rest about the Board,
 And left them all a sprawling there.
 Rise up Goodwife, said *Wallace* then,
 And give me something for to eat,
 For it's near two Days to an End
 Since I tasted one Bit of Mear.
 His Board was scarce well covered,
 Nor yet his Dine well scanty dight,
 Till other Fifteen *Englishmen*
 Down all about the Door did light,
 Come out, come out, said they, *Wallace* then,
 For the Day is come that ye must die,
 And they thought so little of his Might,
 But ay the fear'der they might be.
 The Wife ran But, the Goodman ran Ben,
 It put them all into a Fever;
 Then Five he stick'd where they stood,
 And Five he trampled in the Gutter,
 And Five he chas'd to yon green Wood,
 He hang'd them all out o'er a Grain,
 And gainst the Morn at Twelve o'Clock
 He din'd with his kind *Scottish-Men*.

IV. A Song, called; *The Rebellious Crew*,

To the Tune of, *Nancy's to the Green-Wood gone*.

I.

YE *Whigs* are a rebellious Crew,
 The Plague of this poor Nation;
 Ye give not GOD, nor *Cesar* Due,
 Ye smell of Reprobation;
 Ye are a stubborn perverse Pack,
 Conceive'd and nurs'd by Treason;
 Your Practices are foul and black,
 Your Principles 'gainst Reason.

II.

Your *Hogan Mogan* foreign Things,
 GOD gave them in Displeasure;
 Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them Kings,
 They've drain'd our Blood and Treasure.

Can ye compare your King to mine,

Your *Geordie* and your *Willie*?

Comparisons are odious,

A T——d, Sir, to a *Lilie*.

III.

Our *Darien* can Witness bear,

And so can our *Glencoe*, Sir;

The *South Sea* it can make appear

Whar to your Kings we owe, Sir:

We have been murd'ed, starv'd and rob'd

By those your Kings and Knav'ry,

And all our Treasure is *Stock-job'd*,

While we groan under *Slav'ry*.

IV.

Did e'er the rightf'ul *STEWART's* Race,

Declare it if you can, Sir,

Reduce you to so bad a Case?

Hold up your Face, and answer.

Did he whom ye expell'd the Throne

Your Islands e'er harass so,

As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,

Your *Brunswick* and your *Nassau*?

V.

By Strangers we are rob'd and sham'd,

This ye must plainly grant, Sir,

Whose Coffers with our Wealth are cram'd,

While we must starve for Want, Sir.

Can ye compare your Kings to mine,

Your *Geordie* and your *Willie*?

Comparisons are odious,

A Bramble to a *Lilie*.

VI.

Your Prince's Mother was a W——,

This ye cannot deny Sir,

Or, why liv'd she in yonder Tower,

Confin'd there till she dy'd, Sir?

Can ye compare your Queen to mine?

I know ye're not so lilly;

Comparisons are odious,

A Docken to a *Lily*.

Her

Her Son is a poor matchless Sor,
 His own Pappa ne'er lov'd him ;
 And Feckie is an Idior,
 As they can swear who prov'd him.
 Can ye compare your Prince to mine,
 A Thing so dull and silly ?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A Mushroom to a Lily.

Manum a tabula tollo.

V. A PROPHECY by Mr. BEAKENHEAD, an eminent
 Divine in *Lancashire*, who died in the Year 1674, and
 was delivered up upon Oath in 1688, by a Gentleman
 of the said County, who was challenged by the Govern-
 ment for having it in Possession.

IN a short Time I will end my Race,
 My King shall follow me apace,
 And pious JAMES succeeds his Place ;
 To whom a PRINCE shall then be born,
 Who for a while shall live in Scorn,
 Whilst *Usurpers* gains his Throne ;
 But shortly holdeth not their own.
 Mean Time the *Eagle* stains his Princely Crest,
 And with the *Stork* doth make a Truce,
 To trample on the *Flour de Luce*,
 Whose Virgin Generosity
 Will with no base Compliance sway :
 But whilst it drooping most appears,
 Shortly thereafter the brightest Colours wears.
 Then shall the *Eagle* and the *Stork*
 Repent them of their former Work,
 And to the *Flour de Luce* shall bend,
 With great Submission shall him attend.
 When *Pentecost* shall be,
 The next Day to Saint Barnabe ;
 Then e'er a Spring or two be o'er
 Expect the PRINCE to his native Shore ;
 When Lord and Laird falls in one,
 That Year the PRINCE shall gain his Throne.
 Then *Scotland* rejoice, from Bondage you're free,
 You're a Nation again, and ever shall be.

F I N I S.